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Letter from Sarah Whitney, to Anne Whitney, 1883 September 9

Sarah Whitney

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(on what was once the lawn) with ~~the~~ dog "Brownie", who, poor creature, is having his first taste of pup life & enjoys it heartily. The music made by dog & children I fear may jar sadly on our afflicted neighbor's ears. Yesterday Mr. Cooley buried his oldest child after an illness of one week with some gastric trouble; & now the second is threatened with the same symptoms - The poor mother is still on her bed some five or six months after the birth of her 3^d child, & has the sick one by her side.

Tell Abby I have great pleasure in her little drawings as well as in those hung in my mental gallery - but I can't at this minute see in either, whether the Tabernacle is occupied. I fancy the "lallyout" is the more comfortable sitting room this morning if the in-door one with its cheerful blaze has released its hold upon you. James' change of coat necessitates a change of act with me. I am now sorry now than before that I did not put some stationery into the magazines that I mailed the other day - but I will forward

This my dearest Anne is the morning of the 9th of Sept. 1888 & the atmosphere is so clear, I can almost see Backus Hill through the elm tree that usually hides it from my west window - speaking more truly however, I ought to say the tree is so clear of leaves that any body with a pair of whole eyes could see our highly respectable hill. Last night we (or at least I) went to bed with a stronger hope, since the weather man had substituted for "local rain", "threatening weather for Sunday". A slight dripping in the night still farther confirmed our hope, & now we may style the clearness "a weather buder". "The cold wave" ^{also} promised seems well on its way; & to night's frost will doubtless not disappoint its down-hearted expectants. So much on the weather head, & now good bye to the subject till the delicious soaking rain comes to refresh soul & body!

Thirty seven years ago this day Margt Anne Whitney was torn, forced into the world we thought by the

extreme heat of that month. I sent to her yesterday, as the cheriest looking book I'd set my eyes on in a hurried visit to friend Clarke, a compilation of Dr. Holmes' Magazine articles, & to her instead the promised copy of Dr. Follen's life, so nicely bound ^{was it} for one dollar I shall be tempted to re-dress some other old friends.

You have doubtless heard from James (as I did yesterday) that he hopes to be with you on the 2nd week of Sept., but not till the last of it, as he will not leave home till Tues. or Wed.; & then goes by the Coun. River Road & round the Mts. If the weather shall be propitious I shall lament a good deal if L & C don't meet them in S. I have not yet seen or heard any intimation of such intention. Mrs. B. seems decidedly better than at any time since she became ill, but the Dr. doubts her to ~~be~~ ~~any~~ longer stay up stairs, & a probable relapse if not very careful.

While she is as comfortable ^{as} now, I can see no reason why Julia & I cannot perform all the housekeeping duties - but I know Edg. may think differently. Just now we have a jolly big family of fifteen persons & shall have Bill Wed. 'I wish you could see the copper-colored children that arrived with their Mother & Aunt yesterday - particularly the youngest - a five year old spry rascal over with fun & mischief. He seems being called a "Modoc", as well he may, if gravity be a characteristic of that tribe - but in complexion none could come nearer an aboriginal. The oldest child, (also a boy) is a few shades lighter, but dark enough to aspire to any honor his native dignity of bearing bold entitle him to hold in an Indian tribe. The two little girls that come between the boys are dear bright children, who will be prettier after a few weeks of city life have worn off the Opa paint without depositing the St. Louis soot tint. They have all been having while I have been writing a grand frolic